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*J. K. Hooser*

### PROMINENT CITIZENS

#### Engage In Altercation Following Unpleasantness Over Game of Chance.

Murray, Ky., June 14.—Dike Morris and Walter Elkins, two well-known people of the Shiloh section of this county, while engaged in a crap game got into a difficulty and both proceeded to use their guns. Elkins shot Morris slightly wounding him, when Morris returned the fire, hitting Elkins in the pistol hand and in the breast. Neither of the wounds probably will prove fatal if no complications arise. Deputy Sheriff Dick Langston went immediately to the scene of the occurrence and arrested Morris, who gave bond and is now at large. Elkins was unable to be removed to town.

#### Unusual Offer To Our Readers.

For a limited time, and subject to withdrawal after 30 days, the well known publishing house of the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, founded in 1792, offers to the readers of this paper a 12 months' subscription to "Lippincott's Magazine" and a year's subscription to the Kentuckyian, both for \$3.00. This is the price of a twelve months' subscription to "Lippincott's" alone. Additional to obtaining every issue of this paper for a year, our readers will receive in "Lippincott's," 12 great complete novels by popular authors, 105 short stories, crisp, entertaining, original 45 timely articles from the pens of masters, and each month some excellent poems with the right sentiment, and "Walnuts and Wine," the most popular humor section in America. To obtain this extraordinary offer prompt action is necessary. Remit to J. B. Lippincott Company, Washington Square, Phila., Pa.

Advertisement.

#### Opens Headquarters.

Frankfort, Ky., June 14.—Headquarters for H. V. McChesney's campaign opened this week in the Farmers' Deposit Bank building, with Representative Shelton Sausley, editor of the Stanford Interior-Journal, in active charge of the headquarters. The headquarters adjoin the offices and apartments of General Percy Baly.



Readily adapted to all situations, with its ability to meet and overcome the unusual, the Ford is the car for your tours and camping expeditions, as well as being a genuine utility in the demands of everyday life. Averaging about two cents per mile to operate and maintain.

Barring the unforeseen, each retail buyer of a new Ford car, between August 1914 and August 1915, will receive from \$40 to \$60 as a share of the Ford Motor Company's profits.

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## SILVER SANDS ISLE

Where a Modern Robinson Crusoe Found a Modern Friday.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.  
(Copyright 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

There were only two cottages on Silver Sands Island, and Professor Tenham had leased both of them for the season to insure complete privacy. He cooked his own meals and lived in the absolute seclusion that was necessary when he was engaged in any serious undertaking. He was now writing a book, a dry scientific work, the very title of which made one drowsy. Probably, though, it was a clever book.

Every morning the professor arose at daybreak and went for a swim in the lake. Then he returned and ate a breakfast whose menu did not vary from day to day—fruit, cereal, toast, a soft-boiled egg and a cupful of coffee. After breakfast he huddled his dishes into the sink and resumed his writing with scholarly enthusiasm.

At noon he slipped a glass of milk and at four o'clock he closed his desk and, donning a huge apron, not too spotless, washed his dishes and prepared his dinner. It is a shocking thing to note the professor did not make his bed until it was time to retire. By that time, he argued, the sheets and blankets were thoroughly and hygienically aired.

A bachelor? Of course! Faddy and fussy? Perhaps. Old? Well, whatever you call forty.

Once a week a motor boat came over from the mainland with supplies and the mail.

It was not exactly what one would call a riotous existence, but it satisfied Professor Tenham—at least for the present.

On the particular morning of which I write, a morning wherein the professor's even life was twisted out of its ordinary, never to resume its same placid, monotonous course, he arose at daybreak as usual, and clad in his bathing suit, made his way gingerly over the sharp sands to the water's edge.

It was his habit on pleasant mornings to pause here until the ruddy sun, peeping over the edge of the horizon, sent a bright, sparkling shaft across the placid lake. Then would this man of letters plunge into the fiery pathway for his bath. It was a bit of pleasurable fancy which might not be expected to show itself in a dry-as-dust scholar.

On this particular morning Tenham was a little late. The upper rim of the sun was gilding the east as he hurried across the sand to the edge of the lake.

Suddenly he stopped short and fixed his gaze on something in the pathway.

There, showing plainly in the sand was the clear imprint of a small bare foot!

Impossible, he tried to convince himself, that there could be such a thing when he was the sole inhabitant of the island! He doubted his own eyes, yet he placed his own foot beside it and laughed aloud at the contrast. Professor Tenham was a large man and the trespassing footprint was absurdly small.

"It was made by a small foot, dimpled and probably rosy," he mused and then found himself blushing furiously at the very idea, for thus far he had been too absorbed in scientific mysteries to explore that greatest mystery of all—the heart of woman.

"Absurd! The foot of this woman is pointed toward the lake—and there is another and yet another into the very water." He stood and stared in utter bewilderment at the invading prints in the sand of his bachelor island. "How could a woman—or anyone, for that matter—have come and gone without my knowledge?" he kept asking himself over and over.

In further quest of a solution to this question, Professor Tenham prowled along the shore of the lake and came presently to other footprints of the same character, which made it certain that their maker had walked along the edge of the water and had finally left the beach and gone up among the rocks.

A few steps farther and Professor Tenham was confronted by the little feet which undoubtedly had made the telltale prints in the sand.

They belonged to the prettiest young woman he had ever seen, who was clad in a blue bathing dress and at the moment of discovery was in the act of slipping a pair of tennis shoes over her bare toes. She glanced up quickly and through the tangle of her down-dropping hair he caught a glimpse of a pair of exceedingly bright blue eyes.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the professor, starting back.

"Gracious!" cried the invader of his Crusoe island. "What are you doing here?"

"Why—I—er—found footprints in the sand—and—er—was surprised because, you see, I believed I was alone here—I—er—investigated and followed them—and—"

"Found me—Miss Friday!" finished the young woman crisply. "Now that you have found me, my good Robinson Crusoe, suppose you go back to your hut. Didn't Robinson Crusoe live in a hut?"

"Really, I am not prepared to say," snapped the ruffled young man. "May I ask what you are doing here on this island?"

"Life, liberty and the pursuit of hap-

piness," returned the young woman, quoting from the constitution of her country.

"I believed myself to be the sole tenant of the island," went on the professor in his most disagreeable lecture-room tone: "for that reason I leased both of the cottages, although I only occupy one—"

"But we leased the other cottage from the agent," interrupted the girl. "How very strange, indeed—why, mother and I have been coming here for several seasons—mother is a novelist and likes the solitude—I don't. This year the agent said that the other cottage had been leased to a man—pardon me, but the description is his—who was old and eccentric and that we mustn't trespass on his side of the island. We haven't, only you see, the best bathing beach is near your place, and I get up almost before daybreak to get a swim before you come out. There, I am quite breathless, but I believe I have explained why I am here."

Before professor Tenham could recover his composure Miss Friday, as she had not inaptly christened herself, thrust her pink toes into her shoes and limped away among the pine trees. The fact that she speedily lost a shoe and had to return for it detracted materially from the intended dignity of her exit.

Later he was roused suddenly from his contemplative state by the sound of a woman's pleasant voice from his veranda.

"My dear, I don't believe the man is at home—I've knocked several times—and I must find out about his arrangements with the agent. I am afraid we have been tricked in some way."

"Knock once more, mother," urged a voice that the trembling scientist recognized as that of Miss Friday herself.

Hastily putting himself into a bathrobe, Professor Tenham stepped to the front door and, opening it on a mere crack, he begged his fair visitors to make themselves comfortable and promised to join them as soon as possible.

Ten minutes later he stepped forth, a well-groomed, sunbrowned young man in a decent blue serge suit.

A short, stout woman, with a strong and attractive face, arose and held out a firm, tanned hand.

"Pardon the intrusion, Professor Tenham, but there is a little matter that must be cleared up. I am Mrs. Pately. My daughter Margaret tells me that she met you this morning and that you claim the sole tenancy of the island. As we leased the east cottage for the season there seems to be a misunderstanding."

"I was really surprised to find that I was not alone on the island," explained the professor, blushing hotly as he met the young woman's quick, mischievous glance. "I will show you my copy of the lease."

"I brought my copy along; so we can compare them," said Mrs. Pately.

A comparison of the two leases revealed the fact that the agent for Silver Sands Island was a rogue, and not even an especially clever one. He had leased the entire island to Professor Tenham for the season and at the same time he had leased the east cottage to the Patelys, warning them not to trespass on the west side of the island because of the eccentricities of the ancient tenant—Professor Tenham.

Perhaps this description of his personality was the severest blow to his vanity the professor had ever received; at any rate he blushed furiously and made a mental memorandum of what would happen to the agent at their first meeting.

"Of course we have seen you at a distance, Professor Tenham," continued Mrs. Pately, "and we knew at once that the agent had been mistaken. We have looked in vain for the ancient philosopher whom he described, and we decided you must be his son. Now, what are we to do?"

"That is easily determined," said the professor graciously. "We have lived amicably for several weeks, each on our own side of the island, and why cannot we continue to be joint tenants of Silver Sands Island? Unless my presence here would annoy you," he added as an unhappy afterthought.

"No, indeed," assured Mrs. Pately. "Let us not change anything now—only, sometimes, should we need help, might we call upon you? This is the first time we have stayed here alone without a man on the premises at our beck and call, and it has been the only drawback to our happiness."

"I shall be disappointed if you do not treat me as a neighbor, now that we have discovered each other," said Tenham, with his very best and peculiarly winning smile.

"Then, that is settled," said Mrs. Pately, rising to go. "Margaret shall row me over to the mainland this afternoon and I will telephone to the agent and ask him for an explanation."

"I would very much like to add my complaint to yours," put in the professor quickly. "My motor boat will accommodate three, and you would honor me—" he paused suggestively.

"Perfectly lovely," smiled Mrs. Pately.

To add to the eccentricities of this eventful day Professor Tenham forgot to eat until he reached home that night, which is proof positive that woman is a most fascinating study.

On his wedding day he sent the tricky real estate agent a box of choice cigars, and that gentleman is still puzzling over the reason why.

And the professor's wedding gift to his bride was a deed to Silver Sands Island.

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### Class of 75.

The Western Normal School at Bowling Green gave life certificates to a class of 75 teachers Friday, including the following from this county:

Gwynneth Bartley, Hopkinsville. Vivian Brame, Bannettstown. Huel Larkins, Gracey. Leslie G. Brown, Fruit Hill. Also these from nearby counties: Lucile Goodwin, Cerulean Springs. J. B. Hutson, Murray. Pearl Jordan, Princeton. F. V. McChesney.

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### Sizemore Acquitted.

The case of Lee Sizemore, charged with dynamiting R. J. Lester's store at Cobb, in March 1912, was tried Wednesday at Princeton and sizemore was acquitted in 20 minutes.

### Writ Granted.

Bell county "wets" have been granted a writ of error to the United States Supreme Court of Appeals, which decided adversely their contest of the recent "dry" victory.

### Pitcher 115 Years Old.

W. A. Nelson a few days ago bought an interesting heirloom from a colored woman named Elliott, who lives in Trigg county, near Gracey. It is a silver pitcher given to the Quitmore family as a bridal present in 1800. The colored woman said her grandmother was a family servant of the Quitmores and her mistress gave the pitcher to her in her last days.

### Wilbanks-Hall.

Gainesboro, Tenn., June 11.—A wedding of much interest to their many friends was that of Mrs. C. C. Hall of Hopkinsville, Ky., and P. F. Wilbanks of Sparta, Tenn., which was solemnized at the Young house in Gainesboro on Thursday. Squire N. B. Young officiating. The bride is the daughter of the late John I. McCain of this county and has a number of relatives here. Mr. Wilbanks is a prominent lawyer of Sparta. Mr. and Mrs. Wilbanks left immediately for Mr. Wilbanks' home in White county.

### Constipation Causes Most Ills

Accumulated waste in your thirty feet of bowels causes absorption of poisons, tends to produce fevers, upset digestion. You belch gas, feel stuffy, irritable, almost cranky. It isn't you—it's your condition. Eliminate this poisonous waste by taking one or two of Dr. King's New Life Pills tonight. Enjoy a full, free bowel movement in the morning—you feel so grateful. Get an original bottle, containing 36 pills, from your Druggist to-day for 25c.—Advertisement.

### Mule Kills Boy.

Probably one of the most tragic deaths ever recorded in Daviess county occurred shortly before 12 o'clock Friday, when Bryon Ashby, the 17-year-old son of James Ashby, a prominent farmer residing about two miles east of Utica, was thrown from a mule's back, kicked in the forehead, caught in the gear and dragged fully three quarters of a mile through the woods on the farm of his grandfather, William Ashby.—Inquirer.

### Re-elected Treasurer.

L. N. Lowry, of this city, was re-elected treasurer of the Kentucky Branch of the National Association of Stationary Engineers, at the annual convention held at Lexington last week.

## EXPOSITION TRAINS

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